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NO. 10 NOV.

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MEN OF WAR

ENEMY ACE

GRAVEDIGGER--
ON A DEADLY MISSION
BEHIND ENEMY LINES!

DATELINE: FRONTLINE

JOE KUBERT

70989 32453 11

HANDLER OF THE DEAD: A RATHER IGNOBLE POSITION FOR A MAN SOON TO BECOME LEGEND. BUT THEN, NO ONE EVER SAID THAT WAR IS LONG ON LOGIC. JUST ASK ULYSSES HAZARD, A MAN WHO HAD TO FIGHT NOT ONLY THE ENEMY--BUT HIS OWN COUNTRY--TO EARN THE...

CODE NAME: Gravedigger

IT BEGINS WITH THE DRONE OF A DARK AND UN-MARKED PLANE, SKIMMING LOW OVER GERMAN WOOD-LANDS--
--BEGINS WITH THE SHARP SCREAMING RATTLE OF DEATH!
RAT-A-TAT!
AND IT WILL LEAD ULYSSES HAZARD TO A GRIM DECISION THAT MAY ONLY BE MADE AT THE...
CROSSROADS
BLAST IT! MISSIONS TO FREE MY COMMANDING OFFICER--MAJOR BIRCH--FROM GESTAPO HEAD-QUARTERS IN BERLIN--
--NOT TO GET MY BACKSIDE DUSTED BY ENEMY FIRE!
TOK TAK TOK TAK TOK

ROGER McKENZIE WRITER • DICK AYERS & ROMEO TANGHAL ARTISTS • GRACIELA LETTERER • JERRY SERPE COLORIST • PAUL LEVITZ EDITOR

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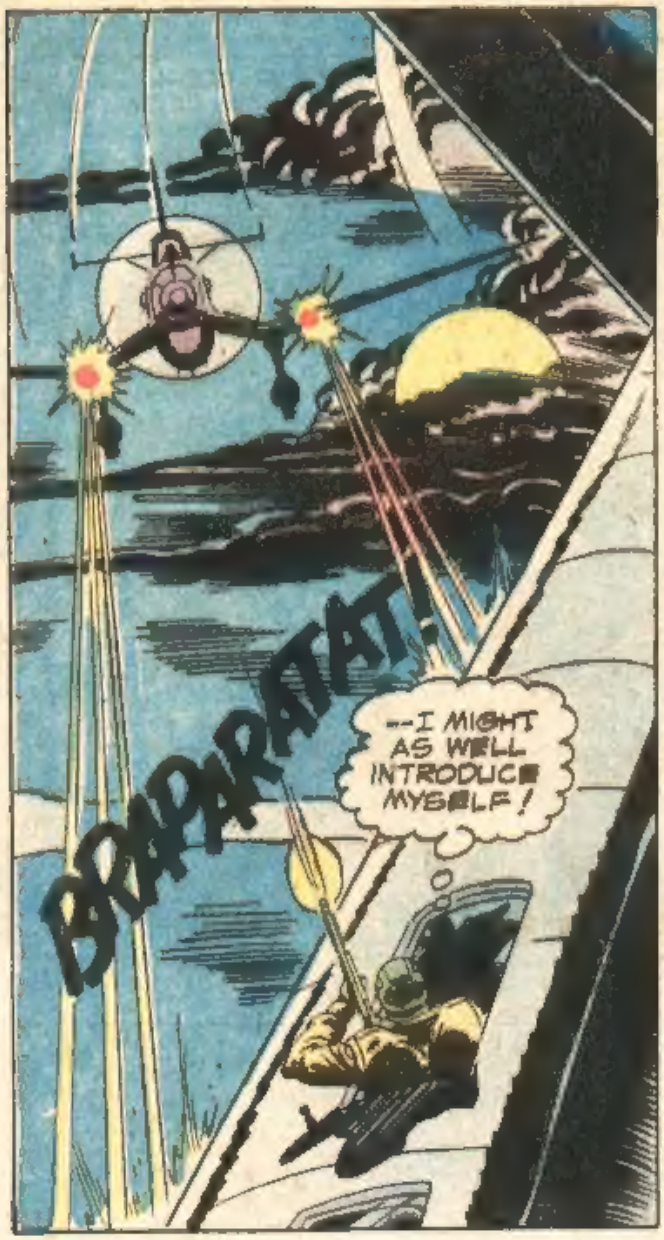
SO I GUESS I'D BETTER--
TAK
TAK
TOK
TOK

--MOVE IT-- WHILE I STILL GOT SOMETHIN' TO MOVE!
TAK
TAK
TOK

AND WHILE I'M AT IT--
KREESH


BRAPARATAT
--I MIGHT AS WELL INTRODUCE MYSELF!

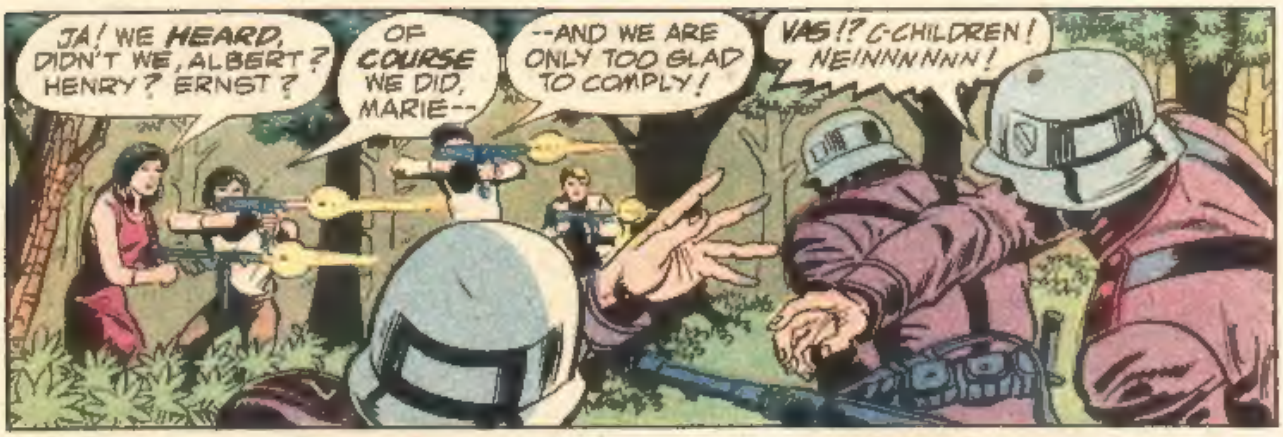
BRAPAT
NAME'S HAZARD, KRAUT--

--GUESS YOU FIGURED THAT OUT FOR YOURSELF, THOUGH!
KAWHUFF!

BUT THEN, WITH A VIOLENT SHUDDER AND A COUGHING OF STRAINING ENGINES--
--GRAVEDIGGER'S TRANSPORT PLUMMETS EARTHWARD LIKE A WOUNDED EAGLE!
MY WINGS HAVE BECOME A DEATH-TRAP! GOTTA HIT THE SILK-- BUT NOT WITHOUT THE--
CAPTAIN!
I-I'M HURTIN' BAD... KAFF... HAZARD! YOU... KOFF! GOTTA TAKE CONTROLS...
...AND FOR... GASP! GOD'S SAKE, MAN...HURRY!
GOT 'EM, CAPTAIN! WHAT NEXT?
PULL BACK... HARD... AND THEN...PRAY!
PERHAPS HE WOULD HAVE...
SKARRAKABOOM
...HAD THERE BEEN TIME!

CONTINUED ON 5TH PAGE FOLLOWING

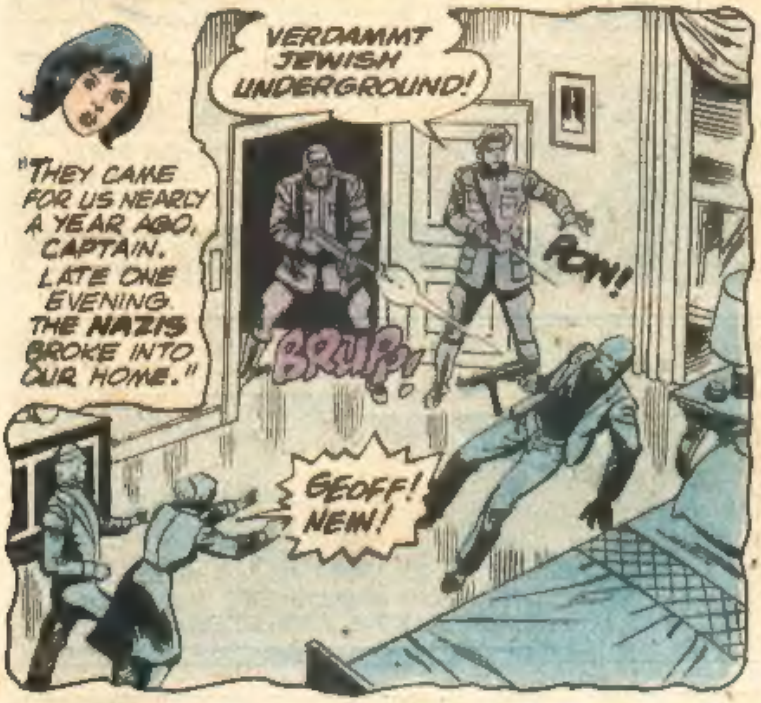
C'MON... FLYBOY...
...WE GOTTA... GET OUTA HERE... BEFORE--
KAWWH!
HFFF
MINUTES STRETCH INTO THE BETTER PART OF AN HOUR. THE ONLY MOVEMENTS... THE ONLY SOUNDS... FLICKERING FLAMES CHEWING HUNGRILY AT THE TWISTED CARCASS OF WHAT WAS ONCE A PLANE...
...UNTIL...
ACHTUNG! OVER HERE! SCHNELL!
KRAKK!
THIS ONE STILL LIVES, HERR OBER-LEUTNANT! VAT--
VE TAKE NO PRISONERS!
B-BUT--
YOU HEARD ME, CORPORAL! I SAID NO PRISONERS!
BARRUP



CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING

YOU TOOK THEM FROM ME! YOU AND YOUR WAR! YOU CAME AND YOU TOOK AND YOU TOOK--

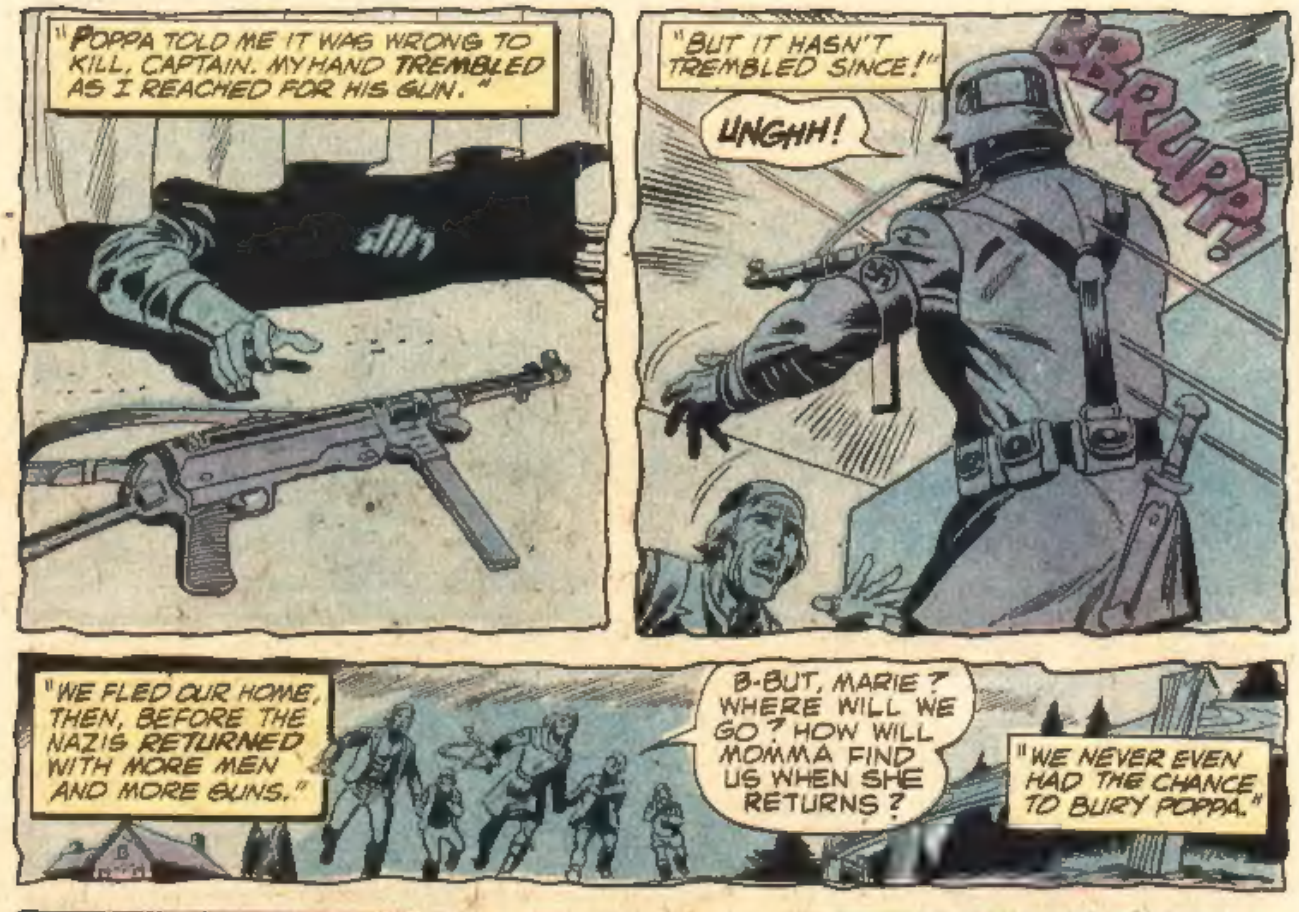
--UNTIL THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT... CHOKE... NOTHING!
GRANDFATHER, PLEASE! MR. HAZARD IS HERE TO HELP US!
FORGIVE HIM, CAPTAIN! HE IS AN OLD MAN--A BITTER MAN.


"THEY CAME FOR US NEARLY A YEAR AGO, CAPTAIN. LATE ONE EVENING THE NAZIS BROKE INTO OUR HOME."
VERDAMMT JEWISH UNDERGROUND!
BRUPP!
PON!
GEOFF! NEIN!

"I WATCHED THEM KILL MY FATHER..."
MEIN GOTT!

"...AND DRAG MY MOMMA FROM US, SCREAMING."
NEIN! YOU CAN'T DO THIS! YOU HAVE NO RIGHT-- UNGHH!
N-NOOO!

I HAVE EVERY RIGHT, JUDEN, TO RID YOUR KIND FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH!
THERE IS NO ROOM IN GERMANY FOR YOU, OLD MAN... EXCEPT ROOM TO BURY YOU!
KLK


"POPPA TOLD ME IT WAS WRONG TO KILL, CAPTAIN. MY HAND TREMBLED AS I REACHED FOR HIS GUN."
"BUT IT HASN'T TREMBLED SINCE!"
UNGHH!
BRUPP!
"WE FLED OUR HOME, THEN, BEFORE THE NAZIS RETURNED WITH MORE MEN AND MORE GUNS."
B-BUT, MARIE? WHERE WILL WE GO? HOW WILL MOMMA FIND US WHEN SHE RETURNS?
"WE NEVER EVEN HAD THE CHANCE TO BURY POPPA."
THIS IS ALL HE LEFT US, CAPTAIN. SO WE HIDE, AND WHEN WE CAN, WE FIGHT!
MOMMA WAS TAKEN TO THE SOUTH--TO BERKSTATEN! A WORK CAMP, THEY CALL IT--
"--BUT I'VE... HEARD THINGS... CAPTAIN. ABOUT GREAT OVENS AND HOW THEY MARCH OUR PEOPLE IN, HUNDREDS AT A TIME..."
"...THEY SAY YOU CAN SEE THE AWFUL BLACK SMOKE, FOR MILES AROUND."
C-CAN GOD ALLOW SUCH THINGS TO BE TRUE, CAPTAIN?
LITTLE LADY, HE AIN'T HAD NOTHIN' TO DO WITH THIS STINKIN' WAR.
BUT I'M SURE HE'S WATCHIN' OVER YOUR MOMMA, JUST THE SAME.
LIKE HE WATCHED OVER POPPA, CAPTAIN?

I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING. HERE... OPEN IT..
HER NAME IS ANNA. FIND HER FOR ME... PLEASE. TELL HER THAT--THAT AN OLD MAN MISSES HER VERY MUCH AND--
MARIE! WE MUST HURRY!
A NAZI PATROL! WE HAVE TO LEAVE AT ONCE!
DID YOU HEAR, GRANDFATHER? WE MUST GO BEFORE--
OHHH!
NO! LEAVE ME BE!
I AM TIRED OF RUNNING! TIRED OF HIDING! I WANT TO BE HERE-- WHEN ANNA RETURNS!
GO WITH THE OTHERS, MARIE. I'LL BRING YOUR GRANDFATHER WITH ME!
THERE WAS ANOTHER MAN-- A PILOT. WHAT--
WE BURIED HIM YESTERDAY, CAPTAIN. I'M SORRY!
DAMN! AWRIGHT, LITTLE LADY, GIT MOVIN'! ME AN' YOUR GRANDFATHER'LL BRING UP THE REAR!
THANK YOU, CAPTAIN.

CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING

AQUAMAN RETURNS TO ADVENTURE COMICS

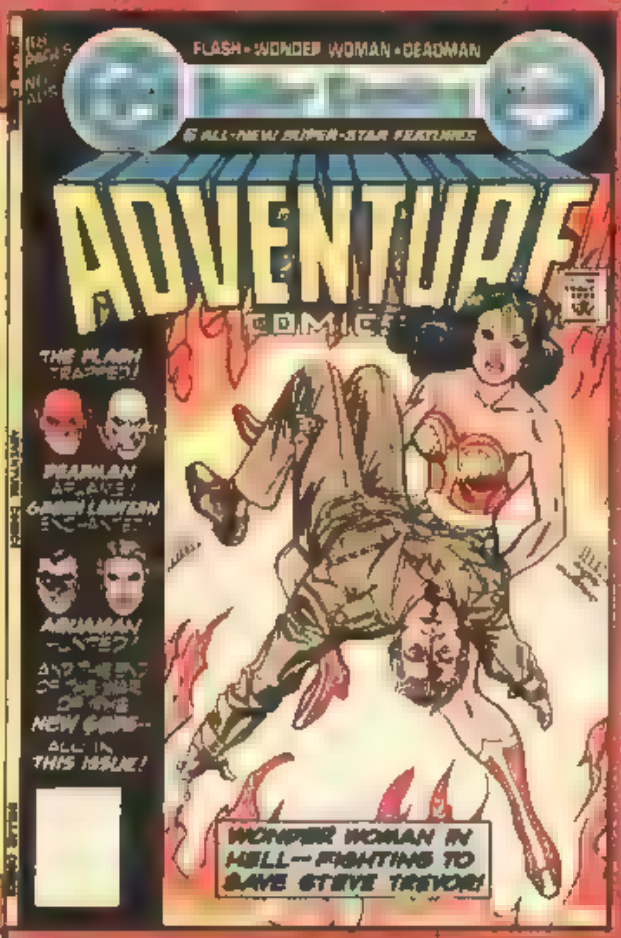
JOINING

Wonder Woman! • GREEN LANTERN!

DEADMAN! • the FLASH!

and the NEW GODS!

ON SALE SEPTEMBER 15th!


FLASH • WONDER WOMAN • DEADMAN
6 ALL-NEW! SUPER-STAR FEATURES
ADVENTURE COMICS
THE FLASH TRAPPED!
DEADMAN AGAINST GREEN LANTERN!
AQUAMAN LOST!
AND THE BIRTH OF THE NEW GODS... ALL IN THIS ISSUE!
WONDER WOMAN IN HELL—FIGHTING TO SAVE STEVE TREVOR!

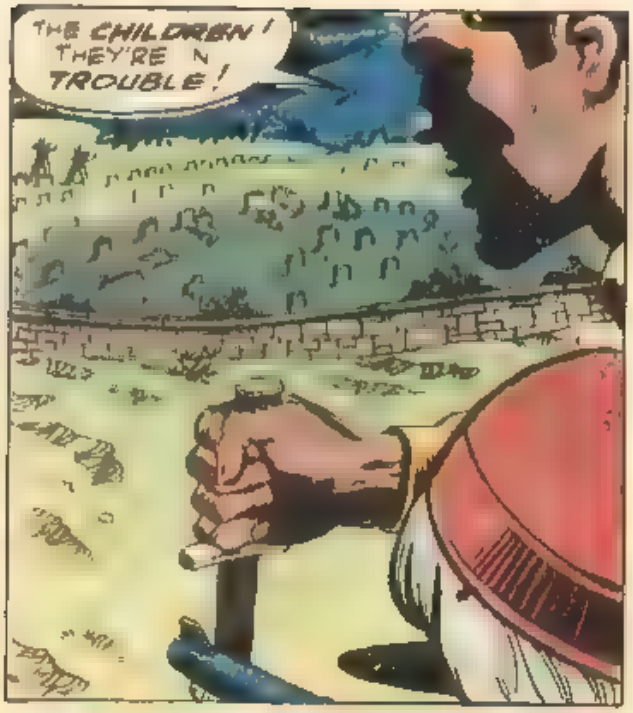
THE BOOK THAT GIVES YOU MORE ALL-OUT ACTION— STARRING the WORLD'S GREATEST SUPER-HEROES!
JUSTICE LEAGUE AMERICA
NO. 15 DEC.
NEVER!

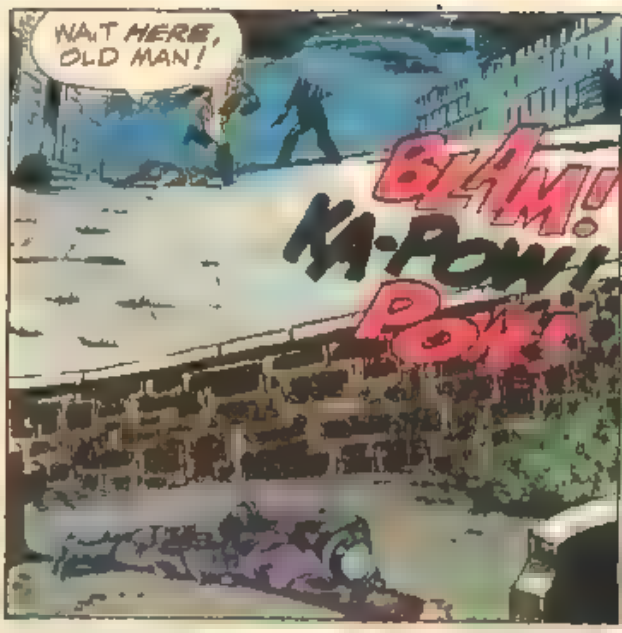
ZATANNA JOINS THE JUSTICE LEAGUE!!

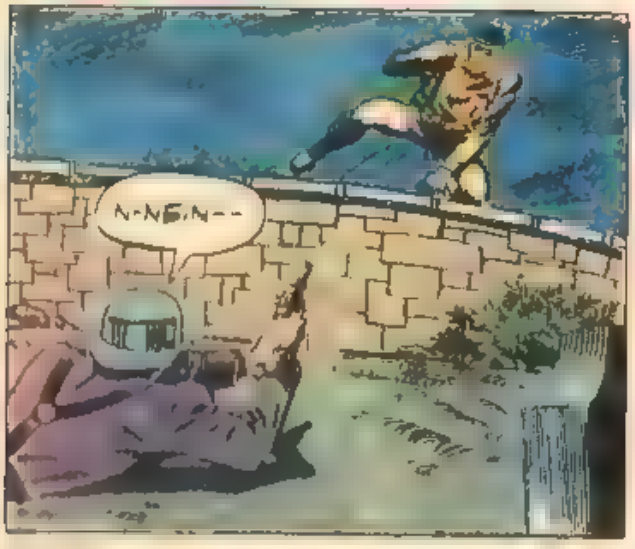
...OR DOES SHE?

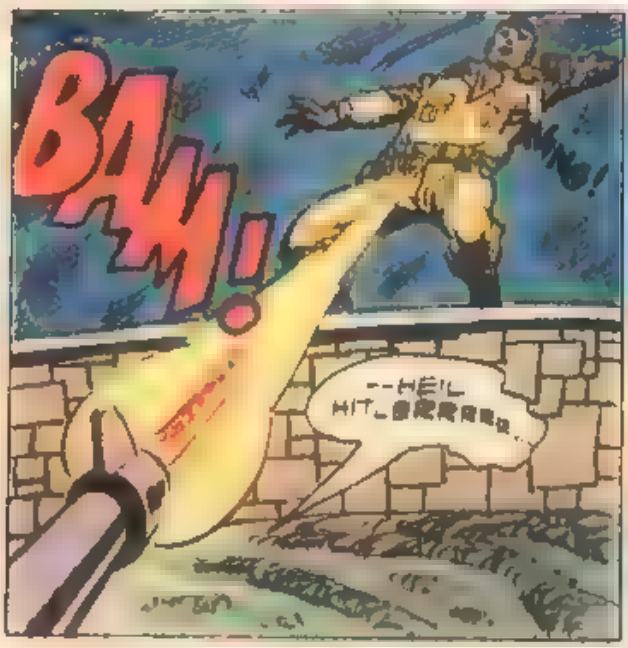
UNCOVER HER STARTLING SECRET in JUSTICE LEAGUE of AMERICA #161...

ON SALE SEPTEMBER 5th!


THE CHILDREN! THEY'RE IN TROUBLE!

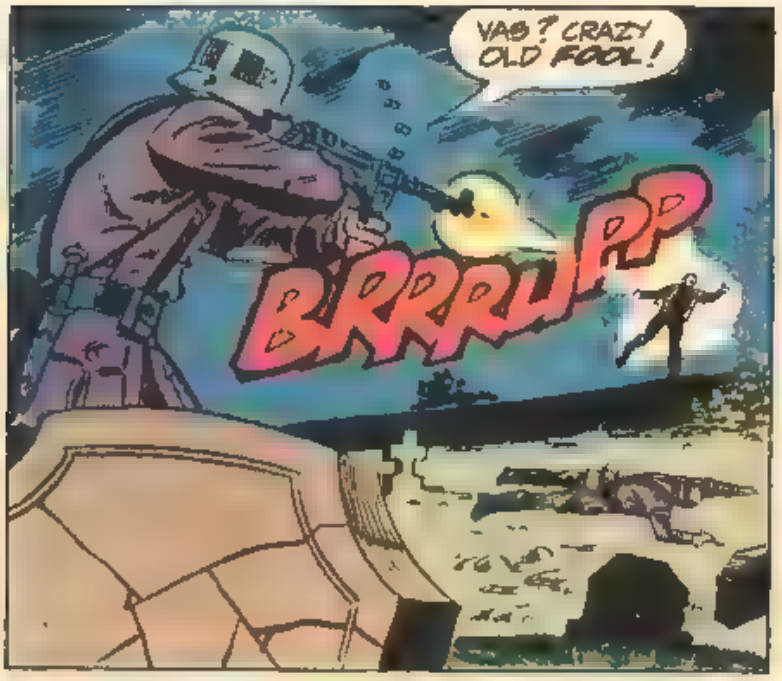

WAIT HERE, OLD MAN!
BLAM!
KA-POW!
POW!


N-NEIN--


BAM!
--HEIL HIT--ERRRR..

ANNA? MEIN GOTT!

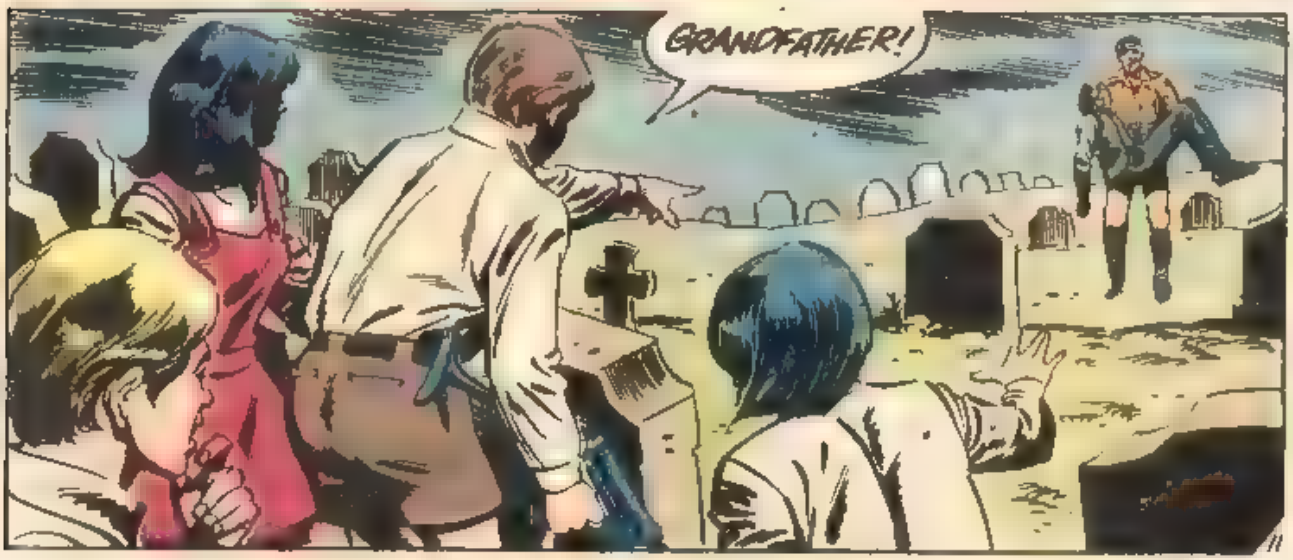
WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO YOU?
BAM!
BAM!

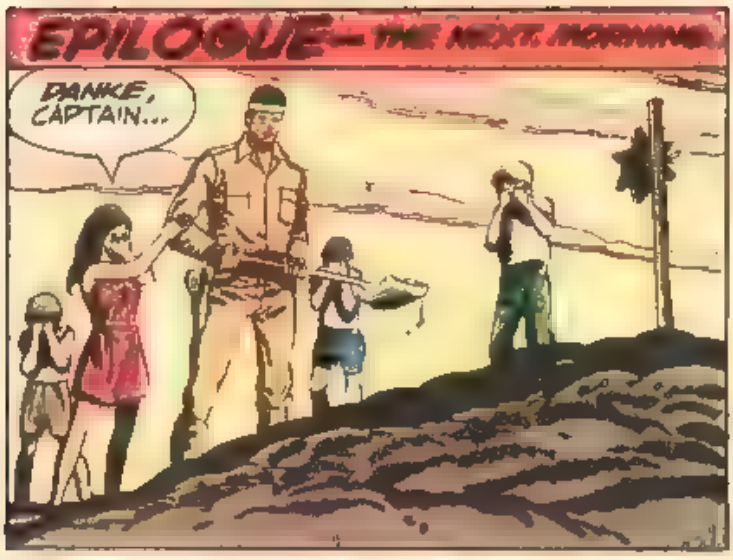

VAS? CRAZY OLD FOOL!
BRRRUPP

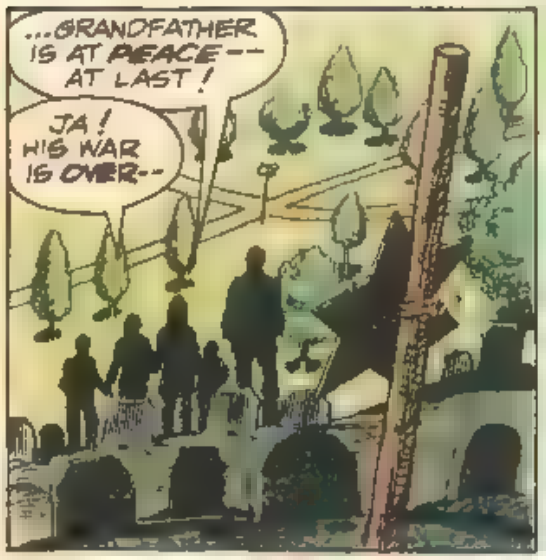
I-I SHOULD BE DEAD, BUT I--
OLD MAN! NO!

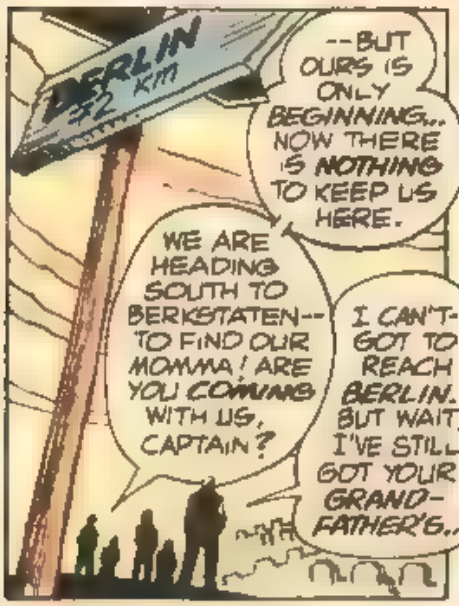
UNGHH!!
NEIIIN!
BRRAPPAT!
POW!
POW!

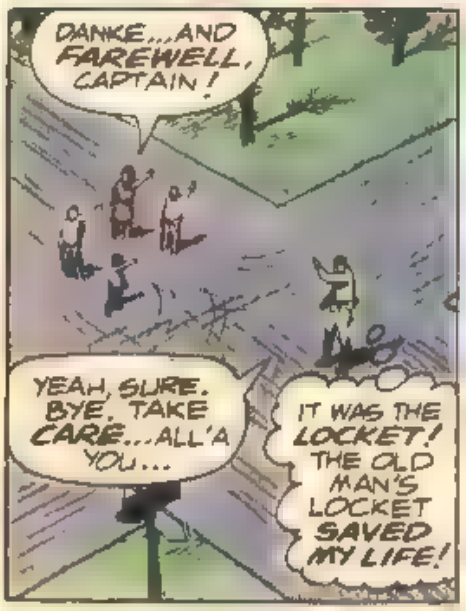
M-MARIE... LOOK...

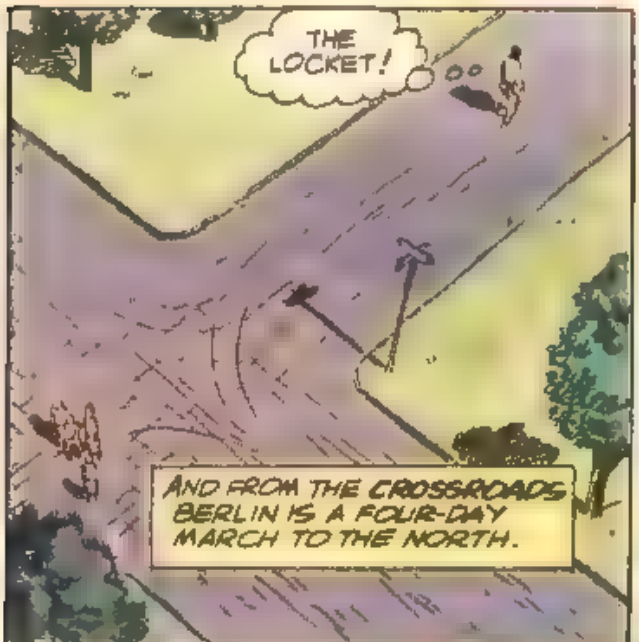

GRANDFATHER!






BERLIN 42 KM
—BUT OURS IS ONLY BEGINNING... NOW THERE IS NOTHING TO KEEP US HERE.
WE ARE HEADING SOUTH TO BERKSTATEN—TO FIND OUR MOMMA! ARE YOU COMING WITH US, CAPTAIN?
I CAN'T—GOT TO REACH BERLIN. BUT WAIT, I'VE STILL GOT YOUR GRANDFATHER'S...





NEXT ISSUE: HELLPOINT

Dear Paul,

Frankly, I think things have been going a bit downhill for what promised to be an intriguing character. Ulysses Hazard held my interest initially by the notion that here was a man out to prove himself, a man of strength and desire, trying to break through the barriers of racial mistrust.

Where has that quality of the stories gone? It has disappeared and the stories are now action epics with overtones of the futility of war. Granted demonstrating the futility of war is a need of these books, but it's have more conflict with Hazard by virtue of his having an "X" on his enlistment papers.

Meanwhile, *Dateline: Frontline* is excellent stuff, a feature that I am most interested in. I identify with the war correspondent in his youthful confidence and with his fears. It shows a side of war we rarely see in comics and I want more.

Christopher Juricich
2116 Hillside Drive
Burlingame, California 94010

A few readers shared your view that Gravedigger was drifting away from its initial direction, Christopher, and in retrospect we agree with you. It takes any new writer a few issues to get a firm hold on a new series, and we think that Roger's really ready to move now. Hopefully, the next few issues will convince you we're right.—PL

Dear DC,

MEN OF WAR is one of your good war comics, always full of action. However, Gravedigger could use a partner or a team, such as in *SGT. ROCK* or *The Losers*. This would make the comic exceptionally good. so how about it?

Filbert Arzola
16313 Bluebonnet
La Puente, California 91744

On the other hand, it's impossible to please everyone. The addition of a regular action-oriented cast would greatly limit our ability to develop Gravedigger's character, Filbert. There's only so much room in every story, and it's a hard enough job to draw the line between the action you're enthusiastic about and the character points that Christopher was talking about.

Besides, isn't it nice that one of our mags deals with a single character in combat?—PL.

Dear Editor,

I have just read issue 5 of *MEN OF WAR* and found it a 50/50 situation. That is, it was 50% good and 50% bad.

The bad: *Gravedigger*. When the first issue came out I was intrigued by this new character. A black war hero, one who built his own body and mind up by determination and courage, one who had an unusual job—that of taking care of the war-created corpses, and one who saw his friend killed and swears to make the enemy pay. These were some of the ingredients in that first story, fine ingredients waiting to be used in future stories. But the last few issues have been little more than *Gravedigger* doing standard war activities (standard for comic books, that is). Hero goes behind enemy lines, hero blows up ammunition dump, or hidden fortress, or saves innocent villagers, etc. Maybe it's just me but I'd like to see some new plot twists or character studies or something different. I can't define just what.

The good: the third part of the back-up feature *Dateline: Frontline*. I have enjoyed all three of these stories by Burkett and Grandinetti. The third part was the best, though. The newsman learned the hard way that war is hell, and that the best to hope for is that the children will be able to carry on and hopefully not have to go through the horrors of war when they grow up. The newspaperman at least sees hope at the end of the story, for even though the grandfather and Julie were dead, Valerie was alive and maybe they lived on in her. I found it a moving end to a fine mini-series, and I, for one, want to see more of it in the future.

Larry W. Cummings
1024 West Third Street
Oil City, Pennsylvania 16301

Gary and Jerry thank you for your support, Larry, and they are indeed back with another multi-part installment of the adventures of Wayne Clifford. The move to the African front was done to show the various aspects of the war, and we think it has worked out rather well.

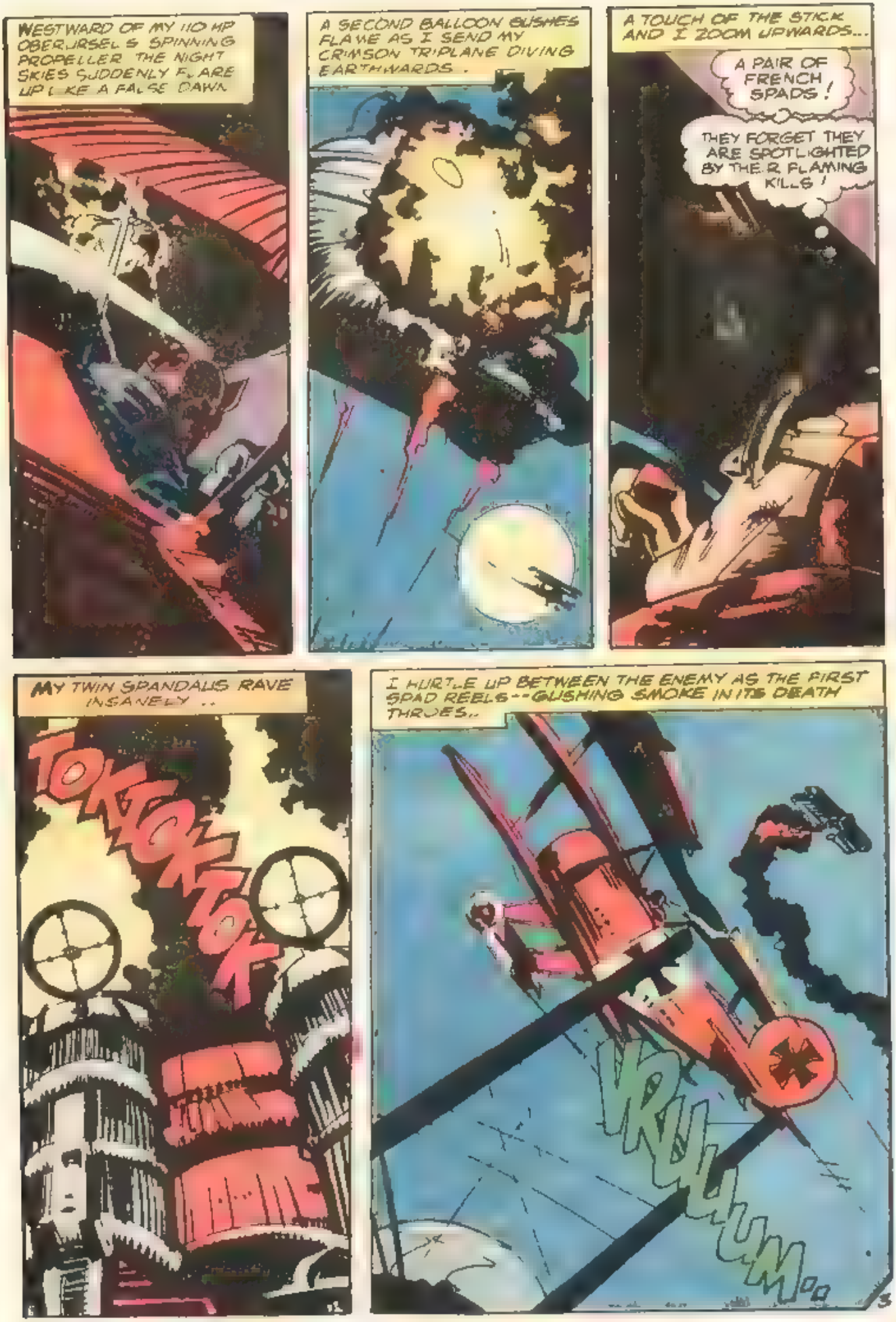
If you're interested in reading more about the adventures of war correspondents, may we recommend "The First Casualty" by Phillip Knightley, an excellent paperback history of the role of journalists in war. It's a Harvest Book, published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich and your local bookstore can probably get ahold of it.—PL

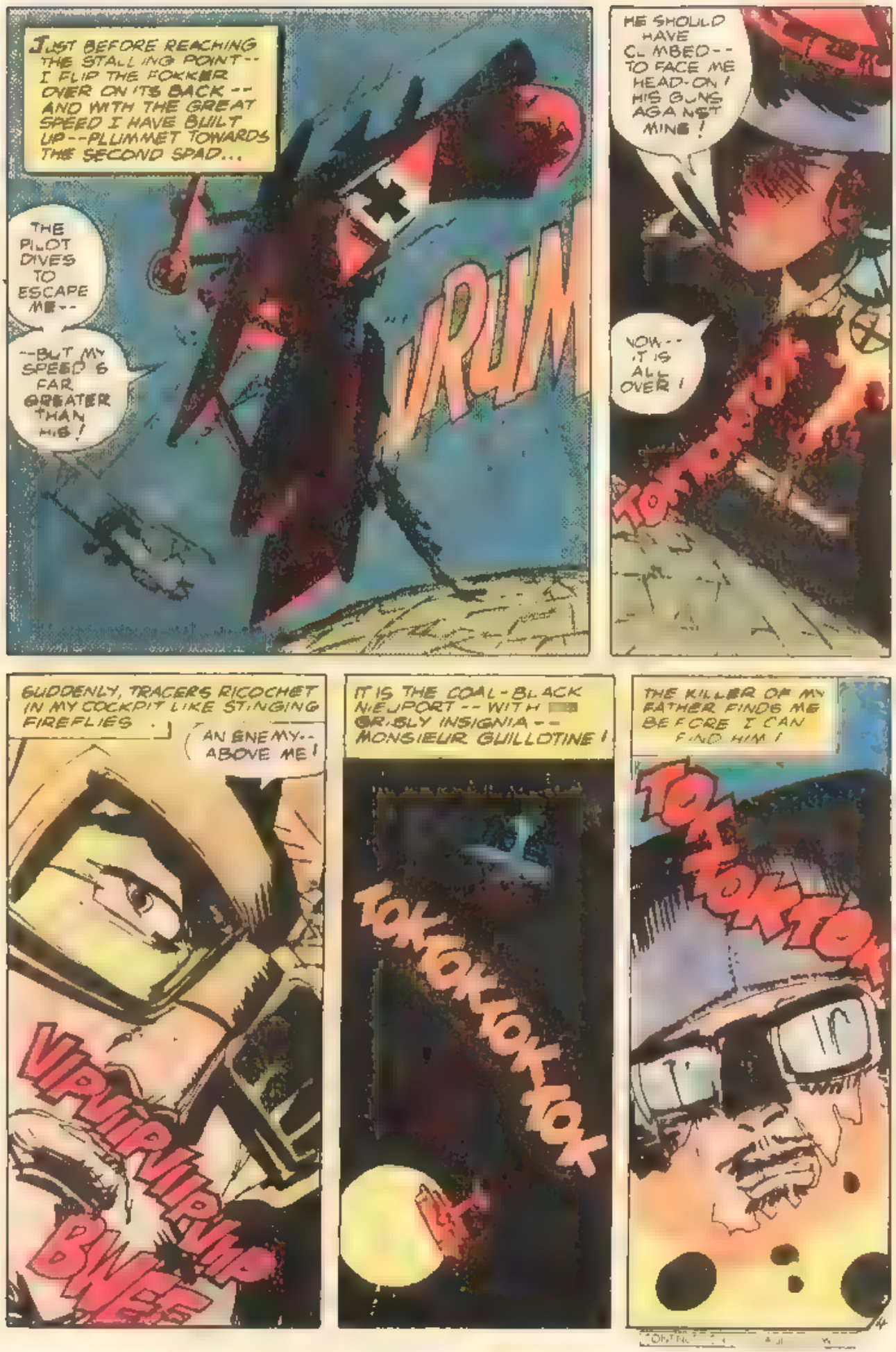
In closing, we'd like to briefly plug our latest effort, the new companion magazine to MEN OF WAR. Just as these pages contain the best new series featuring men caught up in the terrors of war, ARMY AT WAR will be chronicling the most interesting non-series stories our writers can develop. The first issue debuted last month (we would have given you advance notice, but the scheduling took even us by surprise), and the second will be out a few weeks after this issue reaches the newsstand. Each features a group of solid stories that reflect a different side of war. You can recognize ARMY AT WAR by its distinctive logo design, which is modelled after MEN OF WAR. If you enjoy this magazine, it's worth your 50¢.

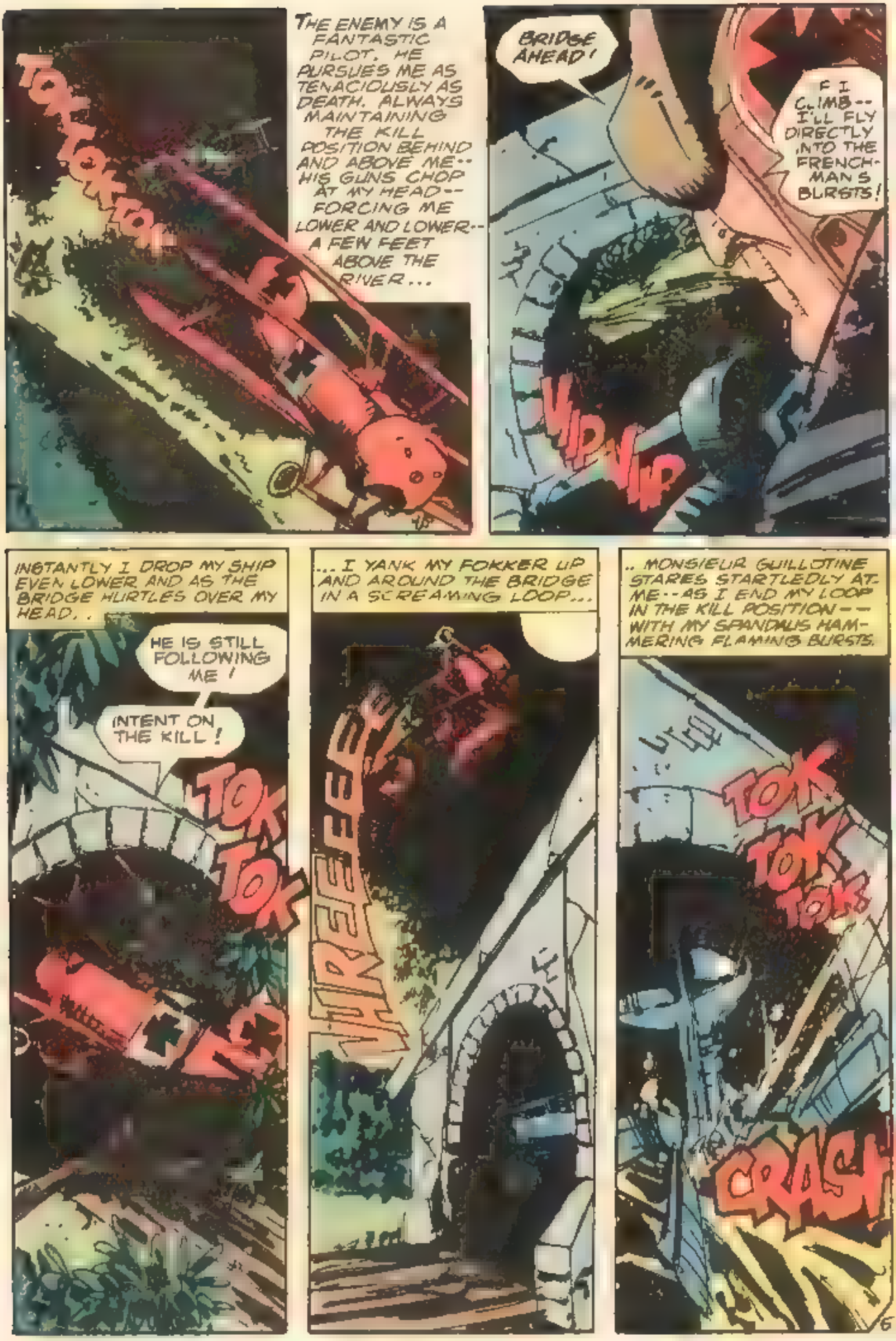
See you here in sixty days, heroes.—Paul Levitz

IN SUMMER SADNESS THE SKIES WEEP AT MY FATHER'S FUNERAL. HE IS BURIED ALONGSIDE MY MOTHER IN THE GARDEN SHE LOVED MORE THAN HER POSITION AS A BARONESS. MY YOUNGER SISTER INGRID AND MY FATHER'S NURSE KRISTINA MOURN WITH ME...
BREAKING ACE
CONCLUSION:
DUEL AT DAWN!
CREATED AND WRITTEN BY ROBERT KANIGHER
ART by HOWARD CHAYKIN
LETTERS by GASPAR
COLORS by JERRY SERPE
BUT IN MY BRAIN BURNS THE MEMORY OF THE COAL-BLACK FRENCH NIEUPORT WITH ITS INSIGNIA OF A MASKED EXECUTIONER. STANDING BESIDE A GUILLOTINE - AND THE ENEMY PILOT WHO STRAFED THE CASTLE AND KILLED MY FATHER A DAY AGO..
BK-TRAK

THE FRENCH PILOT'S FACE SEARS AWAY THE VEIL OF SLEEP...
I CANNOT REST UNTIL I FIND MY FATHER'S EXECUTIONER!
I DRESS QUIETLY, BUT INGRID AND KRISTINA ARE WAITING FOR ME IN THE HALL...
THE WAR GOES ON! IT HAS NO TIME TO MOURN THE FALLEN!
I MUST RETURN TO MY JAGDSTAFFEL!
TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, HANS-- YOU ARE ALL I HAVE LEFT!
FROM A WINDOW IN THE CASTLE I FEEL EYES ON ME AS MY CRIMSON FOKKER EAGERLY SOARS SKYWARD..
EVEN THOUGH THE SKY IS VAST AS AN UN-CHARTED SEA...
...IT IS NOT BIG ENOUGH TO HOLD THE FRENCHMAN AND ME!


WESTWARD OF MY 110 HP OBERURSEL'S SPINNING PROPELLER THE NIGHT SKIES SUDDENLY FLARE UP LIKE A FALSE DAWN
A SECOND BALLOON BLUSHES FLAME AS I SEND MY CRIMSON TRIPLANE DIVING EARTHWARDS .
A TOUCH OF THE STICK AND I ZOOM UPWARDS...
A PAIR OF FRENCH SPADS !
THEY FORGET THEY ARE SPOTLIGHTED BY THEIR FLAMING KILLS !
MY TWIN SPANDAUS RAVE INSANELY ..
TOK TOK TOK
I HURTLE UP BETWEEN THE ENEMY AS THE FIRST SPAD REELS -- GUSHING SMOKE IN ITS DEATH THROES..
VRUUUMM
3


JUST BEFORE REACHING THE STALLING POINT -- I FLIP THE FOKKER OVER ON ITS BACK -- AND WITH THE GREAT SPEED I HAVE BUILT UP -- PLUMMET TOWARDS THE SECOND SPAD...
THE PILOT DIVES TO ESCAPE ME --
--BUT MY SPEED IS FAR GREATER THAN HIS!
VRUM
HE SHOULD HAVE CLIMBED -- TO FACE ME HEAD-ON! HIS GUNS AGAINST MINE!
NOW -- IT IS ALL OVER!
TOK-TOK-TOK
SUDDENLY, TRACERS RICOCHET IN MY COCKPIT LIKE STINGING FIREFLIES.
AN ENEMY -- ABOVE ME!
VIPVIPVIPVIP
BWEE
IT IS THE COAL-BLACK NIEUPORT -- WITH [redacted] GRISLY INSIGNIA -- MONSIEUR GUILLOTINE!
TOK-TOK-TOK-TOK-TOK
THE KILLER OF MY FATHER FINDS ME BEFORE I CAN FIND HIM!
TOK-TOK-TOK-TOK
4


TOK TOK TOK
THE ENEMY IS A FANTASTIC PILOT. HE PURSUES ME AS TENACIOUSLY AS DEATH. ALWAYS MAINTAINING THE KILL POSITION BEHIND AND ABOVE ME-- HIS GUNS CHOP AT MY HEAD-- FORCING ME LOWER AND LOWER-- A FEW FEET ABOVE THE RIVER...
BRIDGE AHEAD!
IF I CLIMB-- I'LL FLY DIRECTLY INTO THE FRENCHMAN'S BURSTS!
VIP VIP
INSTANTLY I DROP MY SHIP EVEN LOWER AND AS THE BRIDGE HURTLES OVER MY HEAD, .
HE IS STILL FOLLOWING ME!
INTENT ON THE KILL!
TOK TOK
... I YANK MY FOKKER UP AND AROUND THE BRIDGE IN A SCREAMING LOOP...
WHEEEEE
.. MONSIEUR GUILLOTINE STARES STARTLEDLY AT ME--AS I END MY LOOP IN THE KILL POSITION -- WITH MY SPANDAUS HAMMERING FLAMING BURSTS.
TOK TOK TOK
CRASH
6

DAWN BREAKS AS I LAND AT MY JAGDSTAFFEL. BUT THE KILLING IS NOT OVER .
I AM JUST IN TIME FOR MY DUEL WITH THE ALBATROSS PILOT WHOSE FACE I SLAPPED--AFTER HE SHOT DOWN THE DEFENGELESS BRITISH PILOT!
I AM LEUTNANT HERMAN MUELLER / LEUTNANT BRUNO KESSEL'S SECOND/ AS THE CHALLENGED HE HAS THE CHOICE OF WEAPONS, HERR RITTMEISTER!
PISTOLS!
LET'S GET ON WITH IT/ LEUTNANT MANNHEIM OF MY SQUADRON WILL ACT AS MY SECOND!
THE WAR HALTS.. AS MY OPPONENT AND I FACE EACH OTHER... PISTOLS LEVELED.. THE JUDGE INTONING THE COUNT...
KRAK!
YOUR OPPONENT FIRED BEFORE MY COMMAND!
RITTMEISTER-- IT IS YOUR RIGHT TO FIRE AT HIM. STILL!
KRA
AAK
VON HAMMER FIRED INTO THE AIR-- INSTEAD OF KILLING ME! WHY?
BECAUSE THE KILLER SKIES HAVE THEIR VICTORY... AND NEED NO MORE...
THE END
6

October 21, 1940

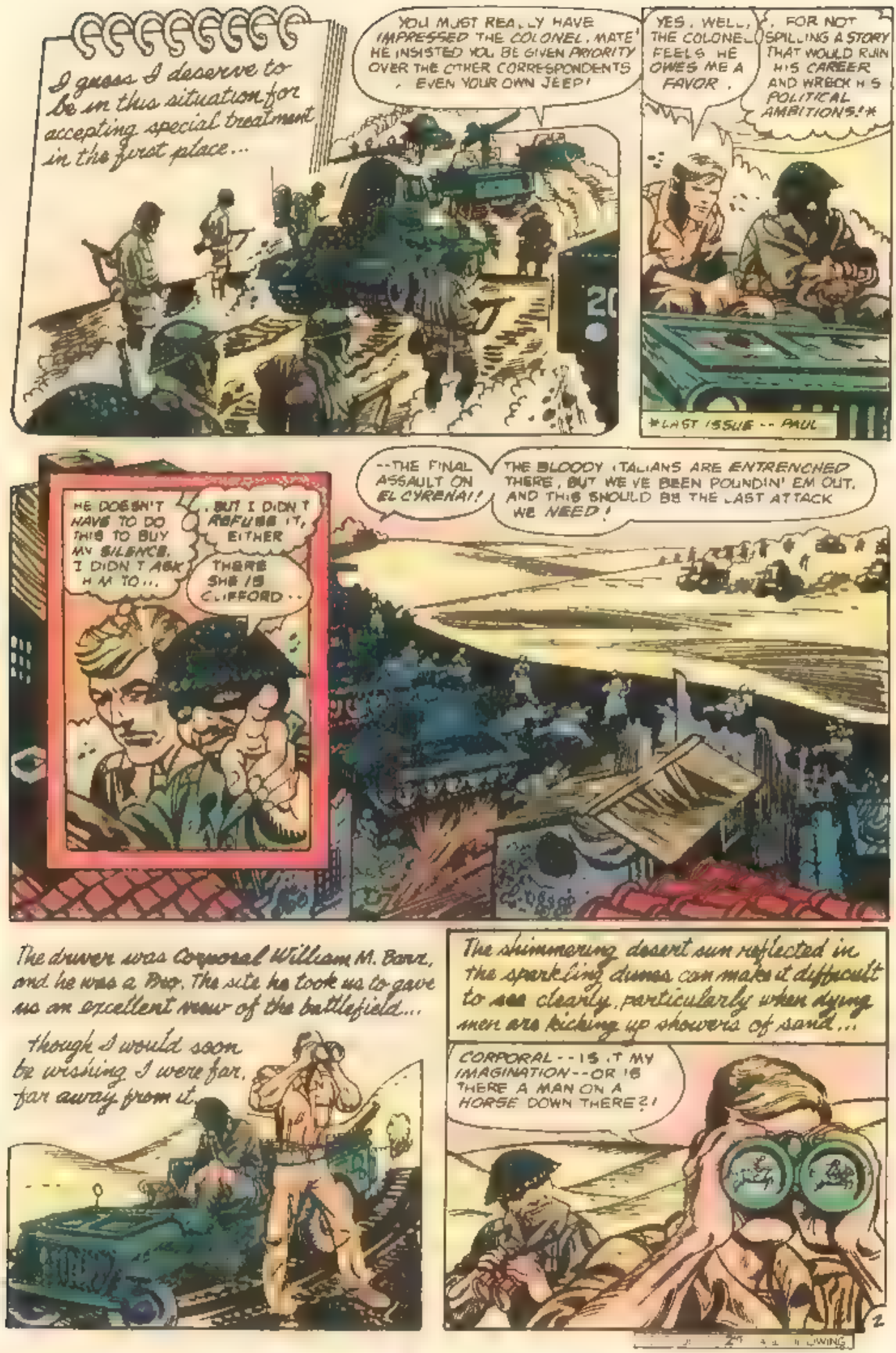
It may be that nobody will ever **read** this--since I'm not sure I'll **survive** this experience -but I had to record the story. even if it never gets filed under a...

DATELINE: FRONTLINE

The name's Wayne Clifford--stationed as an American correspondent with the British in North Africa.
And if this baby will stay asleep long enough I'll try to set down the facts about the--

GLORY SOLDIER

STORY : CARY BURKETT
ART : JERRY GRANDENETTI
LETTERING : MILTON SNAPINN
COLORING JERRY SERPE

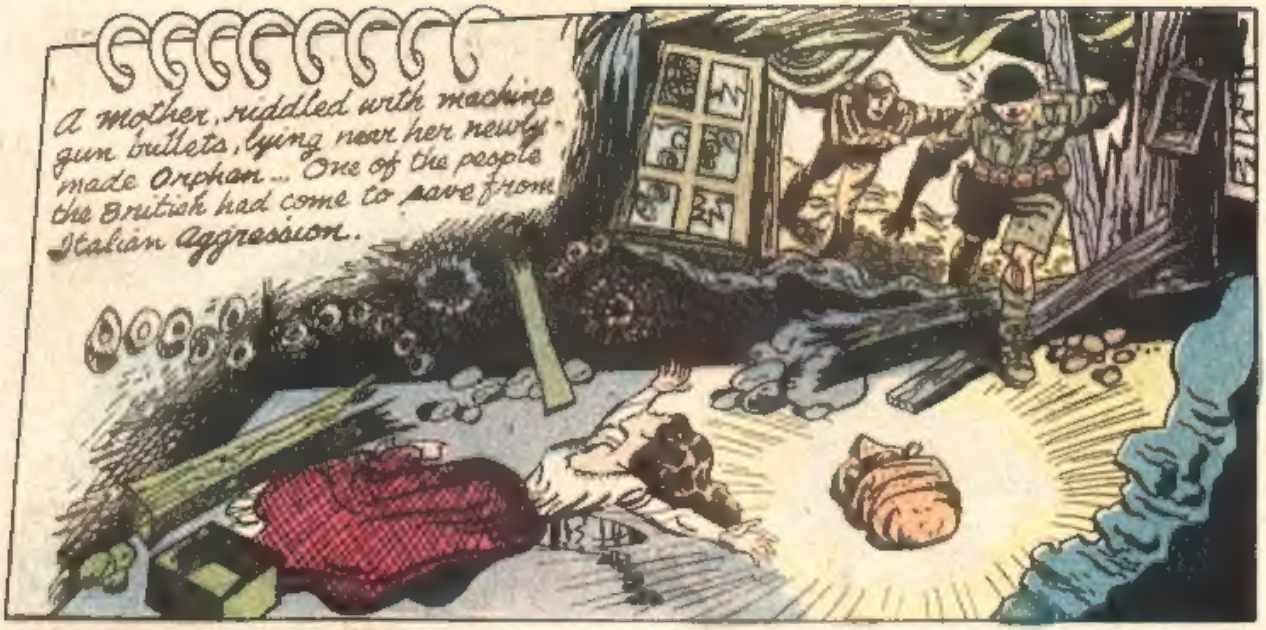

I guess I deserve to be in this situation for accepting special treatment in the first place...
YOU MUST REALLY HAVE IMPRESSED THE COLONEL, MATE! HE INSISTED YOU BE GIVEN PRIORITY OVER THE OTHER CORRESPONDENTS - EVEN YOUR OWN JEEP!
YES. WELL, THE COLONEL FEELS HE OWES ME A FAVOR.
. FOR NOT SPILLING A STORY THAT WOULD RUIN HIS CAREER AND WRECK HIS POLITICAL AMBITIONS!*
*LAST ISSUE -- PAUL
--THE FINAL ASSAULT ON EL CYRENAI!
THE BLOODY ITALIANS ARE ENTRENCHED THERE, BUT WE'VE BEEN POUNDIN' 'EM OUT. AND THIS SHOULD BE THE LAST ATTACK WE NEED!
HE DOESN'T HAVE TO DO THIS TO BUY MY SILENCE. I DIDN'T ASK HIM TO...
. BUT I DIDN'T REFUSE IT, EITHER
THERE SHE IS CLIFFORD...
The driver was Corporal William M. Barr, and he was a Brit. The site he took us to gave us an excellent view of the battlefield...
Though I would soon be wishing I were far, far away from it...
The shimmering desert sun reflected in the sparkling dunes can make it difficult to see clearly, particularly when dying men are kicking up showers of sand...
CORPORAL -- IS IT MY IMAGINATION -- OR IS THERE A MAN ON A HORSE DOWN THERE?!
2

NO--HE'S PULLING IT THROUGH! WHAT A HORSEMAN! BRAVO!
TRULY, HE IS A MAN TO BE ADMIRED!
EH? THEY'VE SHOT HIM! THEY'VE BLOODY SHOT HIM!
BRAAK!
BRAAK!
THERE! A HIDDEN MACHINE GUN NEST! THEY CUT HIM DOWN--
--AND THEY'LL DO THE SAME TO ANY OF OUR FELLOWS ON THAT SIDE!
QUICK! INTO THE JEEP! WE'VE GOT TO GET DOWN THERE!
WHAT? WAIT A MINUTE--!
ARE YOU CRAZY? WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
DIDN'T YOU SEE, CLIFFORD? THERE ARE NO TANKS IN THAT AREA. OUR TEAM WILL BE CHOPPED TO PIECES... THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW THE BLIGHTERS ARE THERE!
SO, WHAT? YOU'RE NOT A TANK EITHER! YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING!
I CAN RAM THE BLOODY BLOKES!
WHA-A-A-T!?!
4
CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING.

BY GEORGE! YOU'RE RIGHT, CLIFFORD! WHAT DOES HE THINK HE'S DOING?
AREN'T THOSE GRENADES HE'S SWINGING?
5
3
CAN'T TELL... IT LOOKS LIKE -- WAIT! HE'S THROWN THE BLOOMIN' THINGS!
YES, MR. CLIFFORD, I CAN DEFINITELY STATE THAT THEY WERE GRENADES!
GOOD SHOW, BRAVE CHAP!
BLAM! BLAM!
WHAT ARE YOU CHEERING HIM FOR? HE WRECKED BRITISH TANKS AS WELL AS ITALIAN! WHY DID HE DO IT?
DOUBTLESS A FANATIC OF THIS COUNTRY -- HATES BOTH SIDES! BUT I CAN SALUTE SUCH A WARRIOR -- EVEN THOUGH HE IS AGAINST ME!
BUT WHY WOULD HE HATE THE BRITISH? YOU'RE TRYING TO STOP THE ITALIAN TAKE-OVER!
WAIT! HIS HORSE IS FALTERING!
3

LOOK, YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO DO THIS! I'M A CORRESPONDENT FROM A NEUTRAL COUNTRY! I'M NOT ALLOWED TO FIGHT!
OH, I WOULDN'T ASK YOU TO FIGHT, CLIFFORD--
RATTA-RATTA!
--JUST JUMP!
JUMP?
ARE YOU KIDDING?
SUIT YOURSELF, MATE!
POW
TZINNNG
BAMMM
BRAKA
I jumped.
WHAM!
STAY BEHIND ME, CLIFFORD! WE'LL HAVE THIS VIPER'S NEST CLEARED IN JIG TIME!
BRAT
HA! WE EAGLES HAVE TAKEN THE NEST FROM THE SNAKES!
NOW LET'S SEE THEM TRY TO SHAKE US OUT OF HERE!
BRAAT!
I couldn't believe Corporal Barris attitude ... he acted as if he were on a Polo field, scoring points ... and thoroughly relishing the game.
HO-HO! THEY'RE FALLING BACK!
BRAKA

WE'RE SAFE FOR NOW, CLIFFORD... THE BOUNDERS HAVE ALL THEIR TANKS ON THE OTHER SIDE AS WELL!
SAY--DO YOU DO THIS KIND OF THING OFTEN?
ALL THE TIME! WHY ELSE WOULD I BE A SOLDIER?
CONFLICT MAKES A MAN ALIVE... TO COME TO GRIPS WITH A WORTHY ANTAGONIST... THAT IS THE GREATEST GLORY OF ALL!
A DESERT FIGHTER HAS A CODE TO LIVE UP--
THEY'RE BEHIND US!
TZINNG!
NOT CRICKET! THOSE BACK-SHOOTERS NEED A LESSON!
NO! IT WAS ONLY A RICOCHET!
BRAKA!
BRAKA!
Time froze in an eternity of a moment, as we stared at the scene behind us...
OH... PLEASE... PLEASE LET IT BE EMPTY...
WAAHHH!
...a baby cried.
I was crying too, by the time we got to the dwelling, knowing already what we were going to find.


A mother, riddled with machine gun bullets, lying near her newly made Orphan... One of the people the British had come to save from Italian Aggression.

Just Then...
CORPORAL--LISTEN! WHAT'S THAT NOISE!

THE BRITISH--THEY'RE SHELLING THE AREA--AGGGH!
BAM!
BAM!

The dwelling collapsed... we are trapped, but not hurt, and hoping the British will uncover us before our air supply runs out.
I'VE MANAGED TO COMFORT THE BABY SOMEWHAT, AND GET HIM TO SLEEP.

"BUT I'M AFRAID THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO FOR CORPORAL BARR... HE'S SUFFERED A SEVERE MENTAL SHOCK."

In his mind, he has ceased to be a soldier of glory... and become instead, a prisoner of guilt.
TO BE CONTINUED